

13. H. cl.
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THE
STUDENTS.

A
COMEDY.

Altered from SHAKESPEARE'S

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST,

AND

Adapted to the STAGE.

Facite, æquanimitas
Poetæ ad scribendum augeat industriam.

TER.

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STUDY

COMEDY



BRITISH MUSEUM

—————

Form of the original

—————

COPIED

From the original in the
British Museum

One Sheet of Paper

PROLOGUE.

THE stage, 'tis granted, is a moral school,
An exhibition of the knave and fool;
Where in each attitude the mase is seen,
The sneer-taught eye, the laughter-moving mien;
Where keenest satire guides the poet's pen
With Shakespeare's humour, or the wit of Ben;
Where characters are drawn with nicest art,
Exhibiting a portrait of the heart;
Where fools are taught to laugh at one another,
Whilst each applies the likeness to his brother.

Bold is the task, in this discerning age,
For bards to risque their pictures on the stage;
What tho' a thousand vices daily rise,
Or constant follies swim before our eyes,
Yet wou'd we give each draught its proper shade,
Or wish each tint were delicately laid,
All Congreve's wit, the polish'd scenes require,
All Farquhar's humour, and all Hoadly's fire.
Our bard, advent'ring to the comic land,
Directs his choice by Shakespeare's happier hand;
Shakespeare! who warms with more than magic art;
Enchants the ear, whilst he instructs the heart;
Yet should he fail, he hopes, the wits will own,
There's enough of Shakespeare's bill, to please the town.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
 BIRON, }
 LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending upon the King in*
 DUMAIN, } *his retirement.*
 BOYET, } *A Lord, attending upon the Princess*
 } *of France.*
 DON ADRIANO, } *A fantastical Spaniard.*
 DE ARMADO, }
 COSTARD, *A Clown belonging to the King.*
 MOTH, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*
 DULL, *A Constable.*
 PRINCESS of France.
 ROSALINE, }
 MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
 CATHERINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, }
 Officers, and others, *attendants upon the King and*
Princess.

SCENE, *The King of Navarre's Palace, and the*
Country near it.

THE

THE
STUDENTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

The KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE,
DUMAIN.

KING.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world,
Our court shall be a little academy,
Still, and contemplative in living arts.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years term to live with me,
My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in the schedule here;
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names,

B

That

The STUDENTS.

That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein.

- LONGAVILLE.

I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years fast,
The mind shall banquet, tho' the body pine.

DUMAIN.

My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights,
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die
With all these living in philosophy.

BIRON.

I can but say their protestation over,
So much (dear liege) I have already sworn;
That is, to live and study here three years:
But there are other strict observances,
As not to see a woman, in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there,
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there;
And then to sleep, but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O! these are barren tasks, too hard for me,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep.

KING.

Your oath is pass'd.

BIRON.

Let me say no, my liege;
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here, in your court, for three years term.

LONGAVILLE.

You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

BIRON.

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BIRON.

By yea and nay, Sir, then in jest I swore:
What is the end of study? Let me know?

KING.

Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

BIRON.

Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense.

KING.

Ay, that is study.—Come, Biron, read the scroll.

BIRON.

“*Item*, That no woman shall come within a
“ mile of my court.” [*reading.*]
Hath this been proclaimed?

LONGAVILLE.

Four days ago.

BIRON.

Let's see the penalty.
“ On pain of losing her tongue.” [*reading.*]
Who devised this penalty?

LONGAVILLE.

Marry, I, Sir,

BIRON.

And why, good Lord?

LONGAVILLE.

To fright them hence, with that dread penalty,

BIRON.

A dangerous law, in good faith.

Item, [*reading*] “ If any man be seen to talk
“ with a woman, within the term of three years,
“ he shall endure such public shame as the rest of
“ the court can possibly devise.”

This article, my liege, yourself must break.

For well, you know, here comes in embassy,

The French King's daughter, a maid of beauty,

B 2

And

4 The S T U D E N T S.

And compleat majesty, with yourself to treat
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father;
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

K I N G.

What say you, lords? why this was quite forgot.
We must of force, dispense with this decree.

L O N G A V I L L E.

Most true, my liege; the rest we will confirm;
Held sacred by the ties of holy friendship,
And by th' endearments of a mutual faith.

B I R O N.

With what solemnity, to honest fools,
May wise men preach their virtues?

D U M A I N.

Biron, will have his joke.

B I R O N.

So will Dumain; or else I am no prophet.

K I N G.

Biron, you're quick: but let us now devise
Some means to sweeten the severer part
Of studious meditation; some hours of mirth,
In which we may forget our solemn vow,
With innocence, and blest festivity.

B I R O N.

No, no, my liege, we must be hermits here,
And as the sage within his moss-grown cave,
At enmity with all his brotherhood,
Lives out a tedious term of twice told years,
Bearing severest fate with rancour'd pride;
So we, my lords, devoted to our books,
From books alone must our amusements take:
Philosophy hath charms for all the world.

L O N G A V I L L E.

Who preaches now!

K I N G.

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KING.

Sure, Biron, we may taste the rural sports,
The recreations of an idle hour,
Without infringing on the smallest part
Our oaths may bind us to.

DUMAIN.

Yes, my liege;
Incessant study blunts the edge of sense,
And, 'tis most fitting, while we do admire
This discipline, that we allot some hours
To mirth and merriment; and that we purge
The melancholy, study may contract,
By manly exercise.

BIRON.

By women; good my lord—I trust, we may;
By womens eyes, this doctrine I derive.
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding, prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries:
Therefore, if recreations we must take,
Then fools we are these women to forswear.

KING.

Well, set you out.—Go home, Biron—adieu!

BIRON.

No, my good lord, I've sworn—and I believe,
Although I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
I shall not be the last to keep his oath;
So to the laws at large I write my name,
Thus, Sir, 'tis done. [*signs.*]

KING.

Here, Longaville. [*signs.*]
And here Dumain. [*signs.*]
Then this confirms it. [*signs.*]

Now

6 The STUDENTS.

Now, my good lords, we will give audience
To this fair princess.—And, as you know,
Our court is haunted with a refined traveller
From Spain, Armado hight, a man, who
Hath a mint of phrases, vain of his own tongue,
A knight of complements; he, as our leisure suits,
Shall pleasantly relate, in high-born word,
The worth of many a knight from tawny Spain.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsie. }

B I R O N.

Armado, is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Armado's House.

ARMADO, MOTH.

ARMADO.—

Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit
grows melancholy?

M O T H.

A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

ARMADO.

Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing,
dear imp.

M O T H.

Indeed!

ARMADO.

Moth! [*pausing.*]

M O T H.

Sir!

ARMADO.

The STUDENTS.

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ARMADO.

Keep my spirits up, sweet youth! I tell thee, boy, take away this melancholy, it surfeits my other senses; I am as it were no better than a lifeless corpse already.

MOTH.

The world bears many such heavy loads, my signior; it is a melancholy world, good Sir: he who wou'd laugh and be merry in it, must so time his humour, as to be never out of humour.

ARMADO.

How so! child, how so!

MOTH.

As thus; he must affect no wisdom, by saying such a thing was well done; he must affect no judgment, by saying, it might have been done better; nor affect any concern, that it was ill-done: Oh! this world, this world is a fit habitation but for few; the good find it base, and the base make it so.

ARMADO.

Enough, sweet boy, of this moral refinement. Moth! have not I promised to study three years with the king?

MOTH.

You may do it in an hour, Sir.

ARMADO.

What?

MOTH.

Why, break your oath, signior.

ARMADO.

Well, I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I wou'd take
desire

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desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised curtsie. I think it scorn to sigh, methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy! what great men have been in love?

M O T H.

Hercules, master.

A R M A D O.

Most sweet Hercules! more authority, dear boy, name more! and, sweet my child, let them be of good repute and carriage.

M O T H.

Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

A R M A D O.

O well-knit Sampson; strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson in love with, my dear Moth?

M O T H.

A woman, master.

A R M A D O.

Of what complexion?

M O T H.

Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

A R M A D O.

Tell me, precisely, of what complexion?

M O T H.

Of the sea-water green, Sir.

A R M A D O.

Is that one of the four complexions?

M O T H.

As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

A R M A D O.

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ARMADO.

Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

MOTH.

It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

ARMADO.

Ha! ha! ha! by virtue, thou enforcest laughter, thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O pardon me, my stars!—But, prithee boy, hear me out, while my humour lasts; well! great men have been in love; I am in love, therefore, I am a great man.—Take courage upon that, Armado; but great men have ever loved noble women; my love is—

MOTH.

What! what, Sir!

ARMADO.

A country-wench, child!

MOTH.

How! my good master!

ARMADO.

Why, boy, with a prating, mincing, laughing, lying, kissing Abigail! nothing less than the rosy-finger'd Jaquenetta—

MOTH.

Jaquenetta!

ARMADO.

Go—seek her out.—My spirit grows heavy in love, bid her attend me in the grove, and I will accost her in the true jig of heroic fascination.

C

MOTH.

M O T H.

Signior, I obey.—A blinking Cupid cannot miss the mark. [Exit.]

A R M A D O.

I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is baser) guided by her foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falshood, if I love; and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, love is a Devil; there is no evil Angel but love, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Soloman so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but shaft is too hard for Hercules's club, and therefore too much odds for a Spanish rapier: the first and second cause will not serve my turn: the Passado he respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet! Devise wit, write pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio!

S C E N E III.

PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE,
MARIA, CATHERINE, BOYET,
Lords and other attendants.

B O Y E T.

Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider, whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy,
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor

Of

The STUDENTS.

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Of all perfections that a man may owe.
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRINCESS.

Good, lord Boyet, my beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues;
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now, to task the tasker; good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre had made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court.
Therefore to us it seems a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suitors, his high will.

BOYET.

Proud of th' employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*]

PRINCESS.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous king?

C 2

LORD.

LORD.

Longaville is one.

PRINCESS.

Know you the man?

MARIA.

I knew him, madam, at a marriage feast
 Between lord Perigort, and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Faulconbridge, solemnised.
 In Normandy, I saw this Longaville;
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed,
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
 Nothing becomes ill, that he would well.
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
 Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will,
 Whose edge hath power to cut.

PRINCESS.

Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?

MARIA.

They say so most, who know his humours best.

PRINCESS.

Such short-liv'd wits, do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest?

CATHERINE.

The young Dumain, a well accomplish'd youth
 Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
 For he has wit to make an ill shape good;
 And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit,
 I saw him at the duke Alanfon's once,
 And much too little of that good I saw
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

ROSALINE.

Another of these Students at this time
 Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;

Biron

The STUDENTS. 13

Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For every object, that the eye doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRINCESS.

God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
 That every one her own hath garnished
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

ROSALINE.

Madam, you know, we safely may commend
 The virtues of these book-devoted lords;
 We are but vulgar beauties in their eyes,
 Contemn'd, despis'd for sweet philosophy.
 Sure, ladies, there is something great in knowledge,
 That men of such rare faculties should choose
 A life so dull, and so unfociable.

CATHERINE.

Suppose, we practise all our little arts,
 To rouse them from this legarthy.

ROSALINE.

Well said; as thus, we'll teach our eyes to glance,
 Our tongues to rail; sometimes a sudden blush
 Shall damask o'er our cheeks, as if surpris'd
 We had been caught with gazing at them:
 Then we'll be coy, and difficult of speech,
 Then free, and affable, to commend their studies;
 'Till we perceive, we've touch'd their gentle hearts,
 And then—I need not tell the rest.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

You are well practis'd in the school of love,
Fair Rosaline!

ROSALINE.

In nothing practis'd, but what nature learns,
No woman e'er was foolish in that art;
We only differ in external forms.

PRINCESS.

Well, Rosaline, you may try your skill;
By this time Boyet is return'd, we'll go
To learn his conference, and our fate to know,

End of the First A C T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Country.*

PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE,
MARIA, CATHERINE, BOYET,
Lords and Attendants.

PRINCESS.

NOW, what admittance, lord?

BOYET.

Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came: marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAÎN,
BIRON, and Attendants.

KING.

Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRINCESS.

Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I
have not yet.—The roof of this court is too high
to be yours;—and welcome to the wide fields, too
base to be mine.

THE STUDENTS.

KING.

You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRINCESS.

I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

KING.

Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

PRINCESS.

Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

KING.

Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRINCESS.

Why, will will break its will, and nothing else.

KING.

Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRINCESS.

Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping;
'Tis deadly sin, to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To instruct a teacher, ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

KING.

Madam, I will.

BIRON.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROSALINE.

Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BIRON.

I know, you did.

ROSALINE.

ROSALINE.

How needless was it then to ask the question?

BIRON.

You must not be so quick.

ROSALINE.

O Sir, your servant! your question spurs me on: but you are a Student, I had forgot myself.— This palace of Navarre, how nobly it is adapted for contemplation! Pray, Sir, what's your study?

BIRON.

Books, madam. What a face! what eyes!

ROSALINE.

Sir!

BIRON.

Yes, madam, there is undoubtedly much rational amusement in books.—Study polishes our manners, enlarges our ideas, improves—What a delicate shape!

ROSALINE.

Sir!

BIRON.

Study, I say, madam, improves our understanding, calms our passion, sweetens the afflictions of life.—In short, fair lady, love refines the man—love—

ROSALINE.

Love! Sir, you mean study—ha! ha! ha! but we are observed.—

BIRON.

Ah me!

KING.

Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

D

Being

Being but the one half of an entire sum
 Disbursed by my father in his wars:
 But say, that he, or we, as neither have
 Receiv'd that sum; yet there remain unpaid
 A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which
 One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
 Altho' not valued to the money's worth:
 If then the king your father will restore
 But that one half, which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in Aquitain,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty:
 But that, it seems, he little purposes,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thousand crowns; and next demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in Aquitain;
 Which we, much rather had depart withal,
 And have the money by our father lent
 Than Aquitain so yielded as it is.

PRINCESS.

You do the king, my father, too much wrong,
 And hurt the reputation of your name
 In so unseeming to confess receipt
 Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING.

I do protest, I never heard of it,
 And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitain.

PRINCESS.

We arrest your word:
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of Charles his father.

KING.

Satisfy me so.

BOYET.

BOYET.

So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that, and other specialties, are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING.

It shall suffice me; at which interview
All liberal reason, I will yield unto:
Mean time receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates,
But here without you shall be so received,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me; so, farewell.
To-morrow we shall visit you again. [Exit.]

PRINCESS.

Sweet health, and fair desires consort your grace.

BIRON.

Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

ROSALINE.

I pray you do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

BIRON.

I would you heard it groan.

ROSALINE.

Is the fool sick?

BIRON.

Sick at the heart!

ROSALINE.

Study is an excellent medicine.

BIRON.

What, how to win your favour,

D 2

ROSALINE

ROSALINE.

No, abstinence, and the pale midnight lamp,
Will cure this raging fever in your blood.

BIRON.

For once I'll follow your advice, so fare you well.

[Exit.]

DUMAIN.

Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that fame?

BOYET.

The heir of Alanfon.

DUMAIN.

A gallant lady: monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

LONGAVILLE.

I beseech you a word: what is she in red?

BOYET.

A woman.

LONGAVILLE.

I desire her name.

BOYET.

She hath but one for herself.

LONGAVILLE.

Pray, Sir, whose daughter?

BOYET.

Her mother's.

LONGAVILLE.

God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET.

Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

LONGAVILLE.

Sir, I thank you;

She is a most sweet lady.

[Exit.]

PRINCESS.

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PRINCESS.

Come to our pavilion—Boyet, we may there
Consult at large: Navarre, if I judge right,
Bears high his crest; I'll away to-morrow.

BOYET.

If my observation, (which very seldom errs)
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,
Decieve me not now, Navarre is infected.

PRINCESS.

With what?

BOYET.

With that which we lovers intitle affected,

PRINCESS.

Your reason?

BOYET.

Why, did you mark his eyes, how they did speak
The language of his heart, which like, an agat,
Impressed your fair excellence? for all his looks
Were full of you and love: believe me, I speak truth.

PRINCESS.

Come, let's away; Boyet's disposed to mirth.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The park near the palace.

ARMADO, MOTH.

ARMADO.

Warble, child; make passionate my sense of
hearing.

MOTH.

Concolinel——[*singing.*]

ARMADO.

A R M A D O.

Sweet air! go, tenderness of years; take this key, and bring hither festinately, my sonata, I must employ you to carry it to my love.

M O T H.

Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

A R M A D O.

How mean'st thou brawling in French?

M O T H.

No, my compleat master, but to jigg off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as if you swallowed love by singing love; sometimes thro' the nose, as if you snuft up love by smelling love, with your hat, pent-house like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches that wou'd be—betrayed without these, and make the men of note.

A R M A D O.

How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

M O T H.

By my pen of observation.

A R M A D O.

Sing, Boy! sing.

M O T H. Sings.

“ When daizes pied, and violets blue,

“ And lady-smocks all silver white,

“ And cuckow buds of yellow hue,

“ Do paint the meadow with delight;

“ The

“ The Cuckow then on every tree
 “ Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 “ Cuckow!
 “ Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
 “ Unpleasing to a married ear!

“ When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 “ And merry larks are ploughman’s clocks:
 “ When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws;
 “ And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 “ The Cuckow then on every tree
 “ Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 “ Cuckow!
 “ Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
 “ Unpleasing to a married ear!”

ARMADO.

A sweet touch—boy—thou art not brib’d to
 rail thus against matrimony?—I do weigh the hap-
 piness of that state by my own affection.—No more
 slander then, sweet youth!

MOTH.

Crave your mercy, Sir.

ARMADO.

Come, come, let’s away—there’s company in
 yonder grove.—I do protest my honour is much
 questioned by my attachment to this wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

JAQUENETTA, COSTARD.

JAQUENETTA.

A word with you, Sir!

COSTARD.

It is forbid.

JAQUE-

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Turn man! what are you aſham'd to face a woman?

C O S T A R D.

Marry, that is forbid too.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

This is certainly one of the king's fools—Why, you jackanapes—do you pretend to be a philoſopher?

C O S T A R D.

Ay marry, and a wiſe one! I am a man of parts forſooth—that is, I mean, I ſhall be after I have ſtudied here three years.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

That is, you mean, you are a fool now, and will be an aſs then.—A man of parts indeed! and afraid to turn to a woman.—

C O S T A R D.

This is ſome impudent jade I'll warrant you; but I will not be catch'd ſo neither.—What's your name, miſtreſs?

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Jaquenetta, dainty Sir!

C O S T A R D.

And well, what's your buſineſs?

J A Q U E N E T T A.

My buſineſs, ſweet modeſt Sir, is with the king your maſter: the princeſs purpoſes to leave this court early to-morrow morning, and therefore begs a laſt conference with the king ſome time this evening, as may beſt ſuit his majeſty's ſtudious diſpoſition: theſe are her inſtructions—will you deliver them?

C O S T A R D.

COSTARD.

I shall obey—give them to me—but touch me not.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Touch thee! thou delicate creature—touch thee! [*As she gives him the paper, she takes hold of his hand, &c.*]

COSTARD.

Oh! oh! I shall be hanged! I shall be buried alive! oh!

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Why don't you take the paper?

COSTARD.

O thou wicked jade! thou hast ruined poor Costard for ever!—But I have a great mind to peep at her, however, now. [*Aside.*]

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Ruined! well, I have so much compassion for you—if thou art to be hang'd, I'll buy the rope for thee.

COSTARD.

I will venture. [*Aside.*]

J A Q U E N E T T A.

What's the fellow muttering?

COSTARD.

She is a fine wench. [*Aside.*]

J A Q U E N E T T A.

What would the rogue be at?

COSTARD.

Heigh ho!

E

AQUE

J A Q U E N E T T A.

The man is certainly mad.

C O S T A R D.

Well, Jaquenetta:—bne peep more,—so now, I will forgive thee this time—but remember if poor Costard is to be hang'd, you were his disgrace.

[Turning and looking at her, as he goes out.]

J A Q U E N E T T A.

The poor, simple fool!

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The Fields.

B I R O N.

So much for study,—now for Rosaline—I will not love—if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye! by this light, but for her eye, I wou'd not love!—yes, for her two eyes—how, I talk! what love her, and never see her! I must devise some means—let me see—

[A Clown passing along the stage.]

You, Sir! a civil sort of a fellow.
What's your name?

C L O W N.

Clod, Timothy Clod, Sir!

B I R O N.

Timothy Clod! Humph! a pretty sort of a name! you are a very honest fellow; what have you got under your arm?

C L O W N.

A coat for master Costard, an please your honour.

B I R O N.

BIRON.

Apropos! let's look at it, master Clod?

CLOWN.

Well made, strong, and neat, I assure you, Sir.

BIRON.

You must sell me this, master Timothy. I have an occasion for it.

CLOWN.

Sell it, Sir! what do you take me for a rogue? No, no, the Clods, tho' they are simple, are honest, master.

BIRON.

Honest as the day, master Clod.—But look at this—*(chinks a purse)*—this—why for this the lawyer will sell his honesty; the courtier his sincerity; and the chambermaid her modesty; thou must be a very simple swain indeed, if thou knowest not the virtue of gold.

CLOWN.

Why, to be sure it is tempting, Sir.

BIRON.

Then prithee, Clod, leave thy honesty to shift for itself—never starve man, by keeping it—here take this—and help me to uncase.

[*Here Biron dresses himself in Costard's Coat.*]

CLOWN.

Ha! hal hal

BIRON.

What does the fool laugh at?

E 2

CLOWN.

CLOWN.

Egad, master, I see your gentility is owing to
your fine cloaths; you look as much like a clown
now as myself; ha! ha! ha!

BIRON.

The Clods, tho' they are simple, are honest.

CLOWN.

Ha! ha! ha! pray, Sir, excuse me—I can't help
laughing you look so much like a fool.

BIRON.

Away to thy trade, to-morrow thou mayest have
thy coat again—nay, no compliments—

CLOWN.

Sir, fare you well—ha! ha! ha!

BIRON.

O! and I, forsooth in love!
I that have been love's whip!
A very beadle to an humourous sigh:
A critick; nay, a night watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er this boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent!
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant dwarf, dan Cupid,
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators! (O my little art)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler stoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going a-right, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right!

Nay,

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all,
And among three, to love the worst of all:
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes.
Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Tho' Argos were her Eunuch, and her guard;
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to:—it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

End of the Second A C T.

 ACT III. SCENE I.
SCENE, *the Country.*

KING, reading.

"SO sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 " To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 " As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 " The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;
 " Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 " Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 " As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 " Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
 " No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,
 " So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;
 " Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 " And they thy glory, through my grief will shew."
 But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excell!
 No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.
 How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
 Sweet leaves shade folly. [Exit.]

BIRON, dressed like Costard.

I thought I saw the king sneak by this way—
 What have we here? *[Takes up the paper.]*
 So! so! is his majesty turned ballad-maker, for a
 black ey'd wench: fie on philosophy! and mortal
 greatness! but here comes another with the true
 melancholy step of a despairing lover.

DUMAIN,

The STUDENTS.

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DUMAIN, BIRON.

DUMAIN.

O my good knave Costard, exceedingly well met!

BIRON.

Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

DUMAIN.

What is a remuneration?

BIRON.

Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

DUMAIN.

O, why then three farthings worth of filk.

BIRON.

I thank your worship, God be with you.

DUMAIN.

O stay, slave, I must employ thee,
As thou wilt win my favour, my good knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

BIRON.

When would you have it done, Sir?

DUMAIN.

O, this afternoon.

BIRON.

Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

DUMAIN.

O, thou knowest not what it is.

BIRON.

I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

DUMAIN.

The STUDENTS.

DUMAIN.

Why, villain, thou must know first.

BIRON.

I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

DUMAIN.

It must be done this afternoon:

Hark, slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park:

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
name,

And Catherine they call her, ask for her,

And to her sweet hand see thou do commend

This seal'd up counsel.—Put this in thy purse.

[Exit.]

BIRON.

Ha! ha! ha! this is excellent.—I shall become
a dove to mighty Venus—and have all my feathers
thus tipt with gold.—What another fool!

LONGAVILLE.

LONGAVILLE.

Knowest thou, friend, the queen's attendants?

BIRON.

Her fools, meanest thou?

LONGAVILLE.

No, no, her fair companions,

Knowest thou, Maria?

BIRON.

A woman!

LONGAVILLE.

Yes, thou simple clown!

BIRON

BIRON.

O, yes, my lord, I had forgot myself; she is the tallest of the three ladies that attend the princess, except two. Her face is like a magician's rod, which enchanteth every person, that goes near her. Her eyes——

LONGAVILLE.

Peace, thou varlet!—I must go seek another messenger.

BIRON.

Sir, you may command me.

LONGAVILLE.

Then bear this to her hands,
And as this letter is of high concern,
There's something for thy care.

BIRON.

My pocket's large enough. [*Afide.*]

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA,
CATHERINE, BOYET, attendants,
and a forester.

PRINCESS.

Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

BOYET.

I know not, but I think it was not he.

PRINCESS.

Whoe'er he was, he shews a mounting mind.
Well, Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch;

F

On

On Saturday we will return to France.
Then forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we may stand, and play the murderers in?

FORESTER.

Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

PRINCESS.

Wait, ladies, here, we will dismiss you, lords.

[*Exeunt Attendants, Forester, &c.*]

So now we're private, to confer at large;
Well, Rosaline, is Biron full of love?
Wooes he with real anguish, or does he mock
The flame, that Cupid kindled in his breast?
Is he a zealous courtier?

ROSALINE.

Shou'd I reveal the language of his heart,
Or speak the soft emotions of his eye,
Should I repeat, how much he prais'd my charms,
You wou'd esteem me vain.

PRINCESS.

Trust not the glossing tongues of book-read men,
Believe me, Rosaline, they take a pride
To feed the affectation of our sex;
They understand our cunning and our arts,
And varnish o'er our follies, to expose us.

ROSALINE.

Believe me, madam, Biron is my slave,
He has no will, but I have power to guide;
He has no joy, but when I deign to smile,
He has no oath, but what he swears to me.

MARIA.

Indeed, fair Rosaline, we cannot boast
A triumph so complet; we are content
With a more moderate love.—But, who is this?

Enter

Enter BIRON, dressed like Costard.

BIRON.

Pray, you, which is the head lady?

PRINCESS.

Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

BIRON.

Which is the greatest lady, the Princess?

PRINCESS.

I am, Sir, what's your pleasure?

BIRON.

The king, madam, does commend this to your fair hand.—Pray, which of you, ladies, is called Maria?

MARIA.

Maria, Sir, is my name.

BIRON.

Then Longaville, madam, begs your care of this. Pray which is Rosaline?

ROSALINE.

I am, Sir.

BIRON.

Rosaline! no Catherine, I think it is; a packet from Dumain.—

CATHERINE.

That, Sir, belongs to me.

ROSALINE.

Well, Sir, and where is mine?

BIRON.

Madam, I have no more.

ROSALINE.

What! none from Biron? perhaps he means to wait on me himself.

BIRON.

No, madam, he is even now at his study; he says, he cannot waste his precious time with toys and women.

PRINCESS.

How, Rosaline! is it come to this?
Wait, fellow, without.

BIRON.

I shall make free to listen. [*Afide.*]

PRINCESS.

The king writes in a most loving strain,
So does Dumain, I guess, and Longaville,
But Biron is no rhymester?

MARIA.

Yet he is Rosaline's obedient slave.

CATHERINE.

Who has no will, but what's she's pleased to grant.

MARIA.

Who has no joy, but when she deigns to smile.

CATHERINE.

Who has no oath, but what he swears to her.

ROSALINE.

Well, laugh on ladies—it is mighty well—
Think you, I want him for a lover? No.
It hurts me not.

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

We'll joke with Rosaline another time.
Come, let us hear how well Dumain can write.

CATHERINE *reads*.

" On a day (alack, the day!)
" Love, whose month is every May,
" Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
" Playing in the wanton air:
" Through the velvet leaves the wind,
" All unseen, 'gan passage find;
" That the lover, sick to death,
" Wish'd himself the Heaven's breath.
" Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
" Air, would I might triumph so!
" But, alack, my hand is sworn,
" Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
" Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
" Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
" Do not call it, sin in me,
" That I am forsworn in thee:
" Thou, for whom e'en Jove wou'd swear,
" Juno but an Ethiopie were;
" And deny himself for Jove,
" Turning mortal for thy love."

PRINCESS.

So very loving is the king to me.

MARIA.

And Longaville in such a strain implores
My special favours—can we deny their suits?

PRINCESS.

Can we deny? yes, surely, with a grace;
This is some merry mock'ry of their wit,
To laugh at our weak womanhood, to try
The bent and scope of our affections.

ROSALINE.

ROSALINE.

Madam, most certain, some paltry frolick,
 To rouse your inclinations for a time,
 To wake the tender feelings in your hearts,
 Then, when the grave and solemn fit comes on,
 To quit you for their old philosophy.—

BIRON.

How like an angel she talks! [*Aside.*]

PRINCESS.

Can Rosaline advise us how to act,
 So blasted in the budding of her love?
 Can Rosaline, so blooming in her charms,
 See thro' the art of Biron, once her slave,
 As to forget her conquest, and her love?
 Can she without a sigh this palace quit?
 Navarre how chang'd, within a minute's time!

CATHERINE.

Come, Rosaline, for we must learn of you,
 How shall we answer these fair greetings?

ROSALINE.

I value not your jokes, e'en as you please.
 I must not shew them that my pride is touch'd.

[*Aside.*]

PRINCESS.

We will return them—that's the maiden's form,
 Whate'er we wish, we must disguise our thoughts,
 'Tis wisdom to conceal, where knowledge wou'd
 Betray our weakness. You fellow there—

[*Biron from behind the scene.*]

Here, tell the king, your master, I came not
 On such an embassy, as this scroll imports;
 I came not to be wooed.—

CATHERINE.

The STUDENTS

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CATHERINE.

Nor I, to listen to the amorous fit
Of gay Dumain.

MARIA.

Nor I, to break the rest of Longaville.

BIRON.

Nor you, that Biron should forswear himself.

ROSALINE.

Peace, varlet!—

BIRON.

How prettily the little rogue blushes—*[Aside.]*

PRINCESS.

Tell him moreover, that we do expect
This day our dispatch—You may retire.

[Exit Biron.]

Now, ladies, we're prepar'd to act our parts:
If they do mean us fair, we may consent;
If not, we are but as we were; but yet the eye
Should not disclose the smallest intimation
Of our own heart's desire.—Well, Rosaline,
Art thou too fix'd—do think no more of Biron?

CATHERINE.

O, madam, he hath made her melancholy
Sad and heavy; had she been light, like me,
Of such a nimble, merry, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.

MARIA.

She may be still, good Catherine.

PRINCESS.

Away, away, to our pavilion strait.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Near the pavilion.

BIRON, JAQUENETTA.

BIRON.

Peace to thee, fair damsell

JAQUENETTA.

What! Costard again! I thought you would have been hang'd before this: how can you have the impudence to look at a woman, knowing it is forbid?

BIRON.

A pretty smart wench, i'faith—Why, my dear, who can be so near the sun, and not feel its influence?

JAQUENETTA.

What a wonderful improvement is there in study! how a few hours can alter a man!

BIRON.

My little queen, it is to your charms we owe all our knowledge; it is to your beauty we—

[*Approaching.*]

JAQUENETTA.

Pray, Sir, keep your distance,

BIRON.

Why so coy? [*Still approaching.*]

JAQUENETTA.

Come no nearer, or I will leave you—keep to your court virtues, Sir.

BIRON.

The STUDENTS.

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BIRON.

Nay, if you are at your jokes, it is thus I claim you.— [*Catching her in his arms.*]

Enter COSTARD.

COSTARD.

Softly, Costard, softly; you are not upon such firm ground as you may imagine; you will never be good at a plot, thou rogue, till you have learnt to creep upon all fours.—Nay, may I be whip'd, if I do not sweat, going this pace.—What! ho! Jaquenetta!

BIRON.

Who are you, Sir?

COSTARD.

Costard, who are you, Sir?

BIRON.

Costard.

COSTARD.

Costard! I am sure I am Costard, and belong to the king's court.

BIRON.

And I am sure, I am Costard, and wait on his majesty here in his retirement.

COSTARD.

You, Costard! you are something like him, indeed; but I am sure I am the right Costard.—

[*Walking round him.*]

G

BIRON

The STUDENTS.

BIRON.

You impudent dog! say again your name is Costard, and your life is not worth a pin.—

COSTARD.

I only say, Sir, I believe I am Costard, if I am not Costard, pray who am I?

BIRON.

Am I to find a name for you, honest friend?

COSTARD.

I think that but reasonable, since you have taken away mine.

BIRON.

What! you will provoke me?

COSTARD.

Hold, pray, Sir, hold; I am not Costard—I am not Costard, I am——

BIRON.

What are you, Sir?

COSTARD.

I am—I am, what you please to call me—

BIRON.

Let this fair damsel judge betwixt us; what say you, Jaquenetta?

JAQUENETTA.

Let me look at thee—[turning to Costard] thou hast simplicity enough to be a fool.

COSTARD.

Yes I am simple enough in conscience.

JAQUE-

The STUDENTS.

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J A Q U E N E T T A.

Now a peep at you, Sir, [*turning to Biron*] why you are so like one another, you are certainly brothers.

B I R O N.

Yes, as my brother says, we are simple enough in conscience.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Ha! ha! ha! but to whom did I deliver the instructions from the princess?

C O S T A R D.

To me, by the same token you laugh'd at me for turning my back to you.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

There you are right.

C O S T A R D.

Nay more, you may remember I told you, I should be hang'd for touching a woman, and you said you wou'd buy a rope for me.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Why then, you are Costard.

C O S T A R D.

Yes, I am Costard; I am glad I have found my name.

B I R O N.

Hold, Sir; this rises not to a proof; you might have heard as much, did you deliver those instructions to the king?

C O S T A R D.

Yes, marry, that I did the self-same hour.

G 2

B I R O N.

A T B I R O N .

What said his majesty?

C O S T A R D .

Nothing.

B I R O N .

Nothing! ha! ha! ha! Now, Jaquenetta, I will convince you, that I am Costard.—When I deliver'd the instructions to the king—he smil'd—for you must know Jaquenetta, that arch rogue Cupid had shot him through the heart—then he read a little, and smil'd again—then he enquired by what means I came by that paper. I told him Jaquenetta brought it: he smil'd a third time, and sent this for you. [*Shewing a purse.*]

J A Q U E N E T T A .

Indeed, you are the right Costard; I am now thoroughly satisfied.

B I R O N .

So there is no proof like this! what a cunning gipsy it is!—[*Aside.*] Come, Jaquenetta, I'll attend you, and let us leave this honest fellow to find out his name—if he can—ha! ha! ha!

J A Q U E N E T T A .

Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Biron and Jaquenetta.*]

C O S T A R D .

Surely I am bewitch'd—To lose my name and mistress at the same time, is too great a calamity for me to bear like a philosopher.—I will revenge it, by this light, I will—Costard, cheer up man, well done, heart!—Egad I am as stout as a lion now!

Enter

THE STUDENTS.

Enter DUMAIN.

DUMAIN.

You fellow! well met, Costard, do you hear?

COSTARD.

Jaquenetta!

DUMAIN.

What is the man mad? you, Costard?

COSTARD.

Jaquenetta! I am not Costard, Sir.

DUMAIN.

Not Costard! why, you rascal, did I not give you a paper this morning to carry to Catherine, one of the fair attendants on the princess?

COSTARD.

Sir, you mistake the man.

DUMAIN.

Sirrah, don't trifle with me; I'll make you know, you are Costard. [*Beats him.*]

COSTARD.

Enough, Sir, enough in good conscience—I—I am Costard—the right Costard—when I dare own my name.

DUMAIN.

Very well—Sir,—I am very glad of it,—pray what have you done with the letter?

COSTARD.

The letter! Sir, I have no letter.

DUMAIN.

What! you are not satisfied yet—take that, and that.—[*Beating him.*]

COSTARD.

The STUDENTS.

COSTARD.

Well, I will confess—Lord! what shall I say
[Aside.] The letter—Sir,—why—why—why—
 O! Jaquenetta has got it, Sir, and I was that mo-
 ment going to look for her as you came, Sir. Well
 done Costard, i'faith! *[Aside.]*

DUMAIN.

Be gone then, and hasten thy steps.

COSTARD.

You need not tell me that, Sir. *[Running.]*

[Exeunt.]

End of the Third A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARMADO, MOTH.

ARMADO.

WELL, sweet youth, is he coming?

MOTH.

Yes, Sir, he is even now at hand.

Enter DULL, bowing to Armado.

ARMADO.

Sufficient, good master, sufficient; a man of my dignity and knowledge shou'd despise these little vanities.—What you are a member of the commonwealth?

DULL.

Yes, please your worship, I am Anthony Dull, as honest as any man living, that is not a greater rogue than myself.

ARMADO.

What's your profession, master Dull?

DULL.

I am by trade a constable, and by profession a rat-catcher.

ARMADO,

ARMADO.

Then thy occupation is to entrap.—The visage of a villain too appertaineth to thy knowledge—that is, for thy better apprehension, knowest thou a rogue?

DULL.

Yes, Sir, when I am told so: tho' a man may meet fifty in a day, with smooth tongues and fair faces, that one wou'd hardly suspect to be such.

ARMADO.

Knowest thou master Costard?

DULL.

What, that simple swain; sure his simplicity will keep him honest.

ARMADO.

Why, master constable, then thus it stands; by the king's strict edict we are forbid to converse with a woman.—Now this Costard has violated, infringed, and broke in upon this wholesome law—and in my presence has courted and toyed with one of these females; nay, imprinted on her wanton cheeks a familiar kiss.

DULL.

A most marvellous great crime, truly Sir! and worthy of most benign punishment.

ARMADO.

Why, as to that master Dull, the crime in itself is very immaculate and innocent, but you must know—Can you keep a secret?—You must know, master constable, that Jaquenetta, Costard's mistress—is—my mistress.

DULL.

And so—

ARMADO.

ARMADO.

Right; I must commend your sensibility, master Dull; he, who breaketh the law, offendeth the king; and he who offendeth the king, deserves to be chastis'd; therefore you must apprehend this fellow Costard, and let him be examined before the king himself; I will be present to answer to the charge.

DULL.

Sir, I shall do your pleasure,

[Exit.

ARMADO.

Come, Moth, this way; nay, prithee, boy, be quick—I have much pastime still in view.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN.

KING.

My lords, I greet you—where is Biron?
Methinks he plays the truant.

LONGAVILLE.

He left us, good my leige, two hours ago,
To meditate by himself here in the grove;
We have not seen him since.

DUMAIN.

O, Sir, the gentleman's forsooth in love,
Within the covert of yon beechen shade,
He talks of Rosaline, of eyes, of darts!
And swears, he cannot longer keep his oath.

H

Enter

Enter BIRON, disguised as Costard,

KING.

Well, fellow, what's your business?

BIRON.

A packet for your majesty; and one for you, Sir—
[*to Longaville*] this Sir, for you [*to Dumain*.]

[*He gives them the wrong packets.*]

KING.

How, how is this!

DUMAIN.

The king in love!

LONGAVILLE.

What, Dumain can write verses too!

KING.

Here, Longaville, take this, and hide your folly.

DUMAIN.

May I presume, my liege, to offer this;
If I am rude, it is thro' ignorance.

LONGAVILLE.

Here, Dumain, I am not Catherine.

KING.

Come, come, my lords, e'en let us laugh it out,
We are all in love, that is the sum of all.

DUMAIN.

My liege, we must confess, 'tis even so.

BIRON.

With what gravity these signiors talk. [*Aside.*]

KING.

KING.

Go, seek out Biron, bid him attend
Our pleasure here.— [Exit Biron.
You see, my Lords, how rashly we have vow'd;
'Tis hard to conquer, when our blood is young,
A passion, thus inspir'd by virtuous love;
Let us then, rather, seek some lawful means
For a dispensation of our oaths.—Dumain,
You smile.—But here comes Biron.

Enter BIRON, in his own dress.

KING.

So, Biron, you cannot quit your studies;
You are so anxious to improve your mind,
You will not lose an hour in idle talk.

BIRON.

My liege, I must perform the duties of my oath;
An oath, you know, my lords, is a sacred thing.

KING.

Come, come, good Sir, we have not yet to learn
What books you study.

BIRON.

What books my liege!

KING.

Ay, ay; Rosaline hath such a face,
Such force of beauty, such prevailing art,
We do not wonder at your sudden love.

BIRON.

I am glad to see your majesty so pleas'd;
Mean you, I shou'd confess?

H:

KING.

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KING.

We will no longer hide a truth from you,
We're all forsworn; nay, Biron, frown not so.

BIRON.

Was it for this, my liege, I did forswear
All joy, all mirth, to fast three years with you?
I am betray'd, good gentlemen, I find.
I, that am honest, I, that hold it wrong
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men, ever weak, and variable;
When shall you see me, like a lover, whine,
Or sigh for Joan? When shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gate, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, or limb? What, ho, a candle there!

DUMAIN.

For what? for what?

BIRON.

To see the wounds, that mighty love hath made.

KING.

Good Biron, peace; since we, like noble friends,
Have made a declaration of our loves;
Be you as honest; come, confess the truth.

BIRON.

O, what a scene of foolery is this!
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of love?
No, no, my liege, I do not hold it good
To lay my arms athwart my bosom thus,
To heave the amorous sigh, to steal a glance,
Or turn apostate, for a woman's wiles;
I cannot, good my liege, in conscience do it,
In faith I cannot.—But who have we here?

DULL, COSTARD, Don ARMADO,
JAQUENETTA.

DULL.

God bless your majesty!

KING.

What present hast thou there?

DULL.

Some certain treason.

ARMADO.

Sole governor of Navarre! thus it is; besieged with fable coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk: the time, when; about the sixth hour, when beast most graze, birds best pick, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper; so much for the time, when; now for the ground, which; which I mean I walk'd upon; it is, ycleped thy park. Then for the place, where; where I mean I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, which covereth my modest cheek with much blushing.

KING.

I prithee, gentle knight, proceed.

BIRON.

O, good Armado, we entreat you, Sir,

ARMADO.

Then to the place, where; it standeth north, north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minow of thy mirth—

COSTARD.

COSTARD.

Me?

ARMADO.

That unletter'd small knowing soul.—

COSTARD.

Me?

ARMADO.

That shallow vassal.—

COSTARD.

Still me?

ARMADO.

Which, as I well remember, this fellow Costard here—

COSTARD.

O me!

ARMADO.

Sorted and consoorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict, and continent canon—with—
with—O with—

BIRON.

O, Sir, the knight is wonderfully modest.

ARMADO.

With a child of our grandmother eve, a female ;
or for thy more understanding, a woman.—I did
deliver the swain, and Jaquenetta (for so the weaker
vessel is called) to thy sweet grace's officer, An-
thony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bear-
ing and estimation.

DULL.

Me, an't please your grace, I am Anthony Dull.

KING.

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KING.

Well, firrah, what say you, to this?

COSTARD.

Sir, I confess speaking——

ARMADO.

Nay, by this light he kiss'd her too.

COSTARD.

Not me, an't please your grace, that was my brother Costard.

BIRON.

I believe the fellow speaks truth now. [*Afide.*]

KING.

What other Costard, fellow? are you mad?

DUMAIN.

I think, my liege, he is; for even now
To me he did deny his name was Costard;
Sometimes he stares about him with a wildness,
As if the faculties of his soul were
Lock'd up in silent admiration of himself.—
Then will he start, and be himself again.

BIRON.

Perhaps, my lords, the effect of too much love;
Love hath, my liege, a very mad'ning quality.

KING.

Nay, prithee, good Biron, peace.

BIRON.

My liege, I'm silent.

KING.

Thus, courteous knight, you must pursue the law,
Let Costard be confined, let him be purg'd

From

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From this gross sin, by fasts, and penitence;
And for that weaker vessel, Jaquenetta,
Let her return to her first occupation;
To your good care we must deliver them,
My ever gentle courteous knight, farewell.

[*Exeunt* King, Biron, &c.]

ARMADO, DULL, COSTARD,
JAQUENETTA.

ARMADO.

Well, Mr. Constable, you heard the king's
commands—

DULL.

Yes, Sir, the king's pleasure is, that I keep
Costard safe, that I let him take no delight, nor
no penance, though I make him fast three times a
week.

ARMADO.

Very right, Master Dull; about thy business
then—nay—stay not thy compliment.—I forgive
thy duty—adieu.—[*Exeunt* Dull, Costard.] I do
betray myself with much blushing; maid,—

[*Approaching Jaquenetta.*]

JAQUENETTA.

Man!—

ARMADO.

The very spirit of my affection is as potent—

JAQUENETTA.

Sir!

ARMADO.

My confusion will not suffer—

JAQUE-

The STUDENTS.

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J A Q U E N E T T A.

I can readily excuse your attendance, I know the way to my lodge, Sir:

A R M A D O.

I will visit thee.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Where?

A R M A D O.

At your lodge, I know where it is situate.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Lord, how wise you are!

A R M A D O.

I will tell thee wonders.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

With what face?

A R M A D O.

I love thee.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Ha! ha! ha!

A R M A D O.

Dost thou mock me?

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Alas! poor Costard's fate, fasting and penitence will do thee good, most civil knight.

A R M A D O.

But, prithee, hear me.

J A Q U E N E T T A.

Not a word.

A R M A D O.

Have patience, gentle nymph.—

I

Enter

Enter BIRON.

BIRON.

What my trusty knight wooeing! that ever love should be forbid in a court, where there are so many amorous fools!—Most potent Don Adriano, I wou'd not interrupt you at so noble an atchievement, but by the king's exprefs mandate—nay, hide not thy face—I know thy modesty is great—Jaquenetta, have you no influence? prithee make him turn.

ARMADO.

Most worthy lord, I do confess—

BIRON.

Nay, nay, I do not want thee to confess; every man here is sovereign of his own affections; but hear the king's command, that you, Don Adriano, do prepare some pastime, shew, or antic, to entertain the Princess with this afternoon, at her pavilion; such as may suit the shortness of the time; they may be revels, dances, masks, or what you please.

ARMADO.

His Majesty does me great honour.—I assure you, my lord—my invention is excellent at such devices.—But that between ourselves.—You'll pardon this transgression, *[Looking at Jaquenetta]*—I shall pay due obedience to his grace's order.—But I say, my lord, you'll pardon, ha! *[Looking still at her.]* A shew or antick, or a mask.—I will about it straight.

BIRON.

God help thy capacity! it is the king's desire that Costard's set at liberty again. Jaquenetta, fare thee well.

[Exit severally.]

SCENE

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SCENE III.

PRINCESS ROSALINE, MARIA,
CATHERINE, BOYET.

PRINCESS.

Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

BOYET.

Q, I am stabb'd with laughter; where's the Princess?
Or else I'll break her tender heart with grief.

PRINCESS.

Thy news, Boyet?

BOYET.

Prepare, madam, prepare.

The king, and his attendants, have contriv'd
Some scene of merriment, or antic shew,
This afternoon in your pavilion here,
Meaning thereby to gain an opportunity
To make a declaration of their loves.

PRINCESS.

St Dennis to Saint Cupid; what are they
That charge their breath against us?

BOYET.

Men, madam;
Under a sycamore's refreshing shade,
I thought to have clos'd mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
The king and his companions thither came;
I stole into a neighbouring thicket,
And overheard, what I will speak at large.
Their herald is a pretty winking boy,
A blinking Cupid, how he has chang'd their notes!
The morning sun no more delights their eyes,

THE STUDENTS

Gazing at yours; no more the coursers pant
Up the steep hill, or down the verdant vale,
For recreation at their leisure hours:
No more—in show, dear ladies, than
For you alone, and for your loves they live.

ROSALINE.

Is Biron one, good Boyet?

PRINCESS.

Pray give the melancholy lady comfort,
Or else she'll break her tender heart with grief.

BOYET.

Madam, I did not see him there.

CATHERINE.

Alas, poor Rosaline! how fares thy heart?

ROSALINE.

Not greatly hurt with love, fair Catherine.
I cou'd have wish'd, before we left Navarre,
To have tortur'd that same Biron, for his mockery.
O, that I knew his heart was touch'd with love,
How I wou'd make him fawn, and beg, and sue,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And shape his services to my behests!
So pedant-like would I his state o'erstay,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

BOYET.

Thus women ever love to rule the men!

PRINCESS.

Boyet, we will indulge their sport for once,
And give them room to shew their nimble wit;

For

THE STUDENTS. 61

For laughing at their idle tales of love,
We will admit no serious talk therein.
Maria, can you hear the gentle Longaville—
Plead his fond love, and be unmov'd yourself?

MARIA.

Madam, I think I can.

PRINCESS.

Nay, if you only think, Maria, I have done.
What says Catherine?

CATHERINE.

When, I consider, madam, what is woman,
A woman woo'd there's nought so variable;
She's pert and peevish, when her swain is kind,
Varying all shapes, to shew her mighty prowess,
A woman woo'd, knows nothing but inconstancy,
A woman woo'd, is full of idle taunts,
A woman woo'd, makes promises to break them,

PRINCESS.

Well, I must say, these lords are gallant men,
To shape you, ladies, thus to their own wishes;
We know your will, fair Rosaline.

ROSALINE.

Madam, you do;
By your's alone I shall direct my choice,
Whatever limits you prescribe your love,
The same will Rosaline, if Biron comes.

BOYET.

Truly, this lady's very sick at heart,
If Biron comes—I cry your mercy!—

PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Boyet—no more—to our pavilion now,
 Allons—allons—

MARIA.

We follow, madam.

BOYET.

To mar or make this dismal Comedy.

PRINCESS.
 End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ARMADO, and a PLAYER.

ARMADO.

SIR, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure you my very good friend; for what is inward between us let it pass.—I do beseech thee remember thy curtesie—I beseech thee apparel thy head—and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee it will please his grace (by the world) some time to lean upon my shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but sweetheart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleases his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world—but let that pass—the very of all of all is—but sweetheart I do implore secrecy—that the king wou'd have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework: now understanding your sweet self have great skill at such breaking out of mirth, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

PLAYER.

You do me too much honour, I assure you, Sir; my company is of that inferior kind, not worthy to be present before so august an assembly.

ARMADO.

The STUDENTS.

ARMADO.

Sir, your modesty is unparelleled.—Excuse me, but the exigence of the time will admit no plea as sufficient.

PLAYER.

What, Sir, wou'd you choose to present?

ARMADO.

Suppose, you present the nine worthies. I have engaged to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

PLAYER.

The posterior of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon; the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure—but where shall we find men worthy enough to represent them?

ARMADO.

O, Sir, your company is every way qualified—Believe me, Sir, I am a person of great skill and judgment myself; not that I wou'd boast—in my time I have seen miracles perform'd by the veriest clowns in nature.—Your Cæsars and Alexanders, conquering whole empires, represented by men, not endued with understanding enough to govern a kingdom of asses.—Indeed, Sir, you may credit what I tell you.

PLAYER.

Well, Sir, we have been practising a new comic dance, if you please, we will exhibit it before the Princess; I had rather we should offend with our feet, than our tongues.

ARMADO.

The STUDENTS.

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ARMADO.

Act your own pleasure, Sir. Now if this comic dance would but dance me into the good graces of Jaquenetta; well, I will try a little skill.

PLAYER.

You'll please to inform the Princess; and we will be ready whenever we shall be summon'd, Sir, farewell.——

ARMADO.

No, Sir, excuse me; I am a man of complement.

PLAYER.

Indeed, Sir, I cannot.——

ARMADO.

My modesty will overcome my spirits; I prithee spare my blushing—I'll follow; why now that is as great as Cæsar.——

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter KING, DUMAIN, LONGAVILLE, PRINCESS, MARIA, CATHERINE, ROSALINE, BIRON, *disguised like Costard, and attendants,*

KING.

We greet you well, fair princess!

PRINCESS.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And in our maiden councils rated them

K

As

As courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy:
 As bombast, and as lining to the time;
 But more devout, than these are our respects,
 Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUMAIN.

Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
 jest.

LONGAVILLE.

So did our looks.

ROSALINE.

I wonder much where Biron hides himself.

[To the princess aside.]

PRINCESS.

Shall I enquire?

ROSALINE.

Not for the world, madam!

BIRON.

O, are you at that sport! *[Aside.]*

KING.

Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

PRINCESS.

A time, methinks too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in;
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
 Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this—
 If for my love (as there is no such cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me;
 Your oath I will not trust, but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning;
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me; challenge me by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; if this thou do deny
Let our hands part, (your grace has heard at large)
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

K I N G.

If this, or more than this, I wou'd refuse
To flatter up these powers of mine with ease;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye:
Hence, ever then my heart is in thy breast.

D U M A I N.

But what to me, my love? but what to me?

C A T H E R I N E.

A wife!—a beard, fair health and honesty;
With threefold love I wish you all these three.

D U M A I N.

O, shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?

C A T H E R I N E.

Not so, my lord, a twelve month and a day
I'll mark no words that smoothfac'd wooers speak,
Come, when the king doth to my lady come,
Then if I have much love, I'll think of you.

K 2

D U M A I N.

DUMAIN.

I'll serve true and faithfully till then.

CATHERINE.

Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn, my lord.

LONGAVILLE.

What says Maria?

MARIA.

At the twelve months end,
Perhaps she'll act and think like other folks.

BIRON.

I can hold no longer—Ha! ha! ha!

DUMAIN.

What means the slave? knowest thou where thou
art?

BIRON.

Yes, marry, among fools—and women's fools,
Now, Sir, you know me.

KING.

How, Biron!

BIRON.

Yes, and please, my liege, I'm honest Biron;
Honest as day light: mistress look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

ROSALINE.

Off have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Full

Full of comparison and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelve month term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To 'nforce the pained impotent to smile.

BIRON.

To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
It cannot be! it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

ROSALINE.

Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamour of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit;
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

BIRON.

I cry your mercy, lady, stay a while;
I first must make a speech to these grave signiors.
Have at you then, affections men at arms:
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study and to see no woman,

Flat

70 The S T U D E N T S.

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth;
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, (lords)
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,
For when wou'd you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?

L O N G A V I L L E.

O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

B I R O N.

Well, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is;
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow, we have forsworn our books,
For when wou'd you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes,
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

K I N G.

Proceed, good Biron; we shall win the day.

B I R O N.

Thus love, first learned in a lady's eye,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,

Courses

Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power
 Above their functions and their offices:
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound;
 When the suspicious head of thrift is stop't.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
 For savour. Is not love a Hercules
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle Sphinx, as sweet and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And when love speaks the voice of all the gods,
 Mark Heaven drowsy with the harmony!
 For wisdom's sake (a word that all men love)
 Or for love's sake (a word that loves all men)
 Or for men's sake (the author of these women)
 Or women's sake (by whom we men are men)
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves;
 Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

L O N G A V I L L E.

Biron, w're all indebted to thy tongue.

P R I N C E S S.

Hold, not so fast; your answers you have had,
 Expect no further favour.

B I R O N.

No parlying now,
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul with our oaths: your beauties, ladies,
 Have

Have much deform'd us, fashioning our humours,
 E'en to the oppos'd end of our intents,
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
 As love is full of unbefitting strains,
 All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subject, as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance,
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make them: therefore, ladies,
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false
 By being once false, for ever to prove true
 To those that make us both, fair ladies, you,
 And e'en that falshood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

KING.

Can you, renown'd, for so much gentleness,
 Kindle so warm a passion, and not pity us?

BIRON.

Come, come, let me question them, my liege,
 Now, madam, if you wish to find us true,
 Did not these ladies, of their own free will,
 Confess their loves? as Costard, I o'erheard them;
 Catherine, can you deny this charge?

CATHERINE.

Biron, I know
 Your humour is as keen as polish'd steel,
 But wit, my lord, may over-shoot itself,

BIRON.

BIRON.

Then each man to his mistress, and he that cannot
win her, deserves her not.
Rosaline, your hand!

ROSALINE.

But not my heart.

BIRON.

Nay, prithee child, no affectation now—
Believe me too, I am a fickle swain,
I am not used to love whole months or years.

ROSALINE.

A man, my lord, who cannot love a year,
Is ne'er entitled to a woman's love;
A man, my lord, who will not be a slave
To all the fickle humours of a woman,
Now, cringing, fawning, begging, suing, praying,
Now dying, sighing, languishing, despairing,
Can never hope to win a woman's love.

BIRON.

Have mercy, Lord—how mad these women are!

ROSALINE.

These, Sir, and twenty other things like these,
So strange and so fantastical we are,
You must endure with patience.

BIRON.

I must—
Madam, farewell, I humbly take my leave;
I shall offend no more—

ROSALINE.

Nay, Biron, stay—
I meant—

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IRON.

BIRON.

And, I mean too—

ROSALINE.

What! what! my lord!

BIRON.

Never again to think of womankind.

ROSALINE.

Perhaps, Sir—

BIRON.

Madam, I speak on—

ROSALINE.

Cannot you guess?

BIRON.

I have no judgment, madam, in divining.

ROSALINE.

Perhaps—I was but joking.

BIRON.

Then, madam, your hand, and with your hand your heart;

To France I will attend you.

ROSALINE.

There, my lord;

An easy conquest, as a man cou'd wish for.

BIRON.

Let us move forward. My liege, you see how
Woman yields, when woo'd in proper terms;
We are as fond already as two doves:

Come,

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Come, Rosaline, my wife, be gay and merry.
I have promised, my lords, to visit France.

KING.

To-morrow then we will attend the Princess,
And her fair attendants, each as a lover,
Leaving our books, and our academies,
As idle pomp without a woman's love.
What say you lords?

DUMAIN.

It is agreed, my liege.

LONGAVILLE.

And, I, my lords, as willingly submit,

KING.

The ladies too will give us their consent.

PRINCESS.

We shall not disobey, what you command.

Enter ARMADO.

ARMADO.

Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royal breath, as will utter a brace of words.

PRINCESS.

Does this man serve God?

BIRON.

Why ask you?

PRINCESS.

He speaks not like a man of God's making.

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ARMADO.

ARMADO.

That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I protest, I am exceeding fantastical and ingenious, as it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate you, in your pavilion here; now by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, I have invented a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect.—

BIRON.

God help thy intellect!—but to the purpose, my trusty knight—let us see the fruits of thy industry and ingenuity.—

ARMADO.

I obey.

*Scene opens, and discovers a number of antic figures;
a Comic Dance.*

PRINCESS.

Sir, you have our thanks; this is a noble entertainment.—

KING.

I am glad it pleased you, madam.

ARMADO.

Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me—

KING.

What says my valiant knight?

ARMADO.

I will kiss thy royal finger, and to bespeak thy hearing. I am a votary; I do profess much veneration

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ration for thy edict, but then I am a lover, and do confess much affection for Jaquenetta. If I keep my vow, I lose my love, and in losing my love, I lose myself—and in losing myself, I shall be an unqualified Student, and in being so, I must of course break my oath—

BIRON.

Ha! ha! ha! proceed, my courteous knight: methinks, madam, the man speaks reason now.

ROSALINE.

Love, you know, my lord, can work wonders.

ARMADO.

Well, Jaquenetta; be humble and modest, humble, because a person of most rare endowments is enamour'd with thee—and modest, because it is the best virtue a woman can possess.

KING.

More, I prithee, knight, more.

BIRON.

My liege, an if you please, the knight shall entertain us on the road; our time is short.

KING.

Act your own pleasure.

BIRON.

Come, ladies, shall we proceed.

PRINCESS.

With all our hearts.

KING.

KING.

Well, madam, we will bring you on your way.

BIRON.

Our wooing now doth end like an old play;
 Jack hath his Jill; these ladies' courtesie
 Hath nobly made our sport a Comedy.

ROSALINE.

I love, you know, my love, can work wonders.

ARMANDO.

Well, I suppose, be humble and modest,
 because a person of great rare endowments
 is common'd with these—and modest, because it is
 the best virtue a woman can bestow.

KING.

End of the Last A C T.



EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by ROSALINE.

WELL, gentlemen, what think you of our art?

No vows, you find, can shield a lover's heart;

What are your musty maxims drawn from books,

When put in competition with our looks?

Can youths, immur'd in colleges, deny

The force of smiles, the rhetoric of the eye?

See some gay spark, most fam'd for high renown,

Quit the dull college, and the tatter'd gown,

To shine among the belles and beaux in town.

At first, indeed, he wildly stares about,

As if from Bedlam, he had just stole out:

With modest blushing he attacks the fair,

A very Cymon in his gait and air:

Well, 'tis agreed—deny it, if you can—

We spoil the scholar—but we make the man.

A Grecian sopl'ing in these modern days,

From our academy claims all his praise,

And reaps his stock of learning from our school,

A wit with us; at you know where—a fool.—

We form your critics, and your bards inspire,

Wits without judgment; poets without fire.

But jokes apart—shall we confess our pow'r?

Howe'er we triumph in the marriage hour,

Your men of sense with pleasure we obey,

Nor wish to contradict their sovereign sway;

Pleas'd to consent, as they are pleas'd to rule,

But prove mere rebels to a stubborn fool:

Learn hence, ye fair, whene'er you choose for life

A man of sense will make the happy wife.—

